

## The Day is too Short to bother with an Antiquated range.



A Modern  
**Glenwood**  
"Makes Cooking Easy"

REYNOLDS & SON, Barre

## The Times' Daily Short Story.

### A Paying Teller's Vindication.

When Ned Barnecoat was seventeen years old his father died insolvent, and Ned suddenly found the burden of caring for his mother and two sisters thrown upon his young shoulders. An old friend of the family took him to the president of the Twelfth National bank, the stock of which he was the largest owner, and said:

"This is Ned Barnecoat. I would like you to make a position for him at the bottom round of the ladder and advance him as rapidly as he shows fitness for advancement."

Ned showed such carefulness, integrity and other faculties required by one handling a great deal of money that in a short time he was advanced to the position of receiving teller with a salary that enabled him to take fairly good care of his mother and sisters. Then something happened that for a time made it questionable whether he would go up higher in the scale or be turned out of his position altogether.

One day an office boy from the firm of Peter Bushnell & Co. came to Ned's window with a deposit. Peter Bushnell was a director of the bank and one of its largest depositors. At least he had held a large account there, but after a heavy slump in stocks it had been determined that there were no more deposits.

"How do you know?" asked the attorney for the defense. "Because in the original I picked a pin hole in every cipher." "Are there witnesses who saw the pin holes?" "I can show the pin holes themselves."

Ned pulled from his pocket a photograph of the original check which plainly showed the pin holes. Bushnell turned pale. The trial was simply a question between Ned and the accused man. The original check had been destroyed, and Bushnell could not be convicted of having raised it, but its photograph, with the telltale pin holes, convinced those interested in the bank that he was guilty and vindicated the paying teller. Bushnell's resignation from the board was called for, and he soon afterward failed.

Ned, who had saved the bank \$18,000, was given a handsome present, and the next year the office of assistant cashier was created for him. This all happened some years ago, and he is now president of one of the largest banks in the country.

## CHINESE REBELS LOSE

### More Than a Hundred Killed in Battle

### THEIR LEADER CAPTURED

In a Severe Engagement—Two Thousand Additional Troops Despatched to Chaochow to Put Down Trouble.

Canton, May 31.—A severe engagement has occurred between the provincial troops and a body of rebels, resulting in a victory for the former. The rebels lost more than a hundred men killed, and the government forces captured the rebel leader, together with many flags and a considerable quantity of ammunition.

Two thousand additional troops have been despatched to Chaochow, where the malcontents are active. The Chinese gunboat Sun-Hong, having on board the Fifteenth Regiment of Chinese troops, has sailed from here for Swatow to defend that city against a possible attack on the part of the rebels.

## FRIBBLES OF FASHION.

Dainty Bonnets For the Babies—Smart Brette Effects.

Dainty lingerie bonnets, trimmed with flutings of fine linen and batiste edged with narrow valenciennes lace, will be worn by small children now and during the summer.

Bretelles of lace, ribbon and galloon are quite a feature of the new frocks. Sashes are also much worn, especially in the graceful empire fashion, with the knot between the shoulder blades and wide, long ends of the ribbon soft sweeping down the skirt.

An exquisite cream colored leather giraffe exhibited is covered with green polka dots as large as a pea. A tiny wreath of flowers tied with a minute bowknot is a good design both in white and batiste, and shaded dots on a white ground, while not exactly new, for they were used last season, are among the effective designs of the summer stock.

Ladder trimmings of contrasting color or material are as much in evidence



TAFFETA SILK GOWN—\$500, 5544.

as if they were a novelty and are used for bands on skirts and also for a matching trimming for the whole suit. The size of this newest bag except where a large receptacle is required is less exaggerated, and leather strap handles have taken the place of chains. Many have the sides carried up in detached flaps hiding the frame and clasp.

Chameleon or changeable taffetas are very smart this season for elaborate costumes. The frock shown in the cut is of champagne taffeta shot, with threads of blue and trimmed with pale blue velvet and deep cream lace. The tiny little jacket gives just a suggestion of a wrap without a hint of warmth.

JUNIO CHOLLET.

## PREDATORY WEALTH NA-TOINS' MENACE

### President Roosevelt in Indianapolis Speech

### SAYS THE LAWLESS RICH

Says the Lawless Rich Are More Dangerous Than Anarchists—Advocates Full Power of Control Over Interstate Railroads.

Indianapolis, May 31.—President Roosevelt made the principal speech yesterday at the unveiling of the monument to General Henry Ware Lawton. An enormous crowd was in attendance. A large part of the President's speech was devoted to his efforts to regulate the railroads. He compared present political conditions with those that existed in the time of Lincoln.

"Let us try as a people," he said, "to show the same qualities as we dealt with the industrial and social problems of today that Abraham Lincoln showed when with indomitable resolution, but with a kindness, patience and common sense quite remarkable, he faced four weary years of open war in front of, and at the end, gave to his countrymen whom he had served so well



WHEN THE PRESIDENT IS STRENUOUS.

the blood-bought gift of a race freed and a nation forever united."

Some of the leading of the President's speech were:

"One great problem that we have before us is to preserve the rights of property, and these can only be preserved if we remember that they are in less jeopardy from the Socialist and the Anarchist than from the predatory man of wealth."

The power of the nation must be to stop crimes of cunning no less than crimes of violence.

There can be no halt in the course we have deliberately elected to pursue—the policy of asserting the right of the nation, so far as it has the power, to supervise and control the business use of wealth, especially in its corporate form.

There must be progressive legislative and administrative action for the correction of the evils which every sincere man must admit to have existed in railroad management in the past.

The movement to regulate railroads by law has come to stay. The people of this country have made up their minds—and wisely made up their minds—to exercise a closer control over all kinds of public service corporations, including railroads. Every honestly managed railway will gain and not lose by the policy.

We hope as one of the chief means for betterment of conditions to secure as complete publicity in the affairs of railroads as now obtains with regard to national banks.

To confer upon the national government the power for which I ask would be a check upon overcapitalization and upon the clever gamblers, who benefit by over-capitalization.

But it alone would mean an increase in the value, an increase in the safety of the stocks and bonds of law-abiding, honestly managed railroads, and would

render it far easier to market their securities.

It is plainly inadvisable for the government to undertake to direct the physical operation of the railways, save in wholly exceptional cases; and the supervision and control it exercises should be both entirely adequate to secure its ends, and yet no more harassing than is necessary to secure these ends."

Robt. H. Goes to Far West.

Washington, May 31.—Justice C. H. Robt. of the district court of appeals has broken his health at the close of his first term on the bench. He came here from Bristolboro, Va. He will probably go to Fort Bayard, New Mexico, soon for medical treatment.

## A FRANC FOR A LIFE.

Exciting Adventure With a Moslem Fanatic in Algeria.

Near the western end of Ouar in a lonely street (for most of the men were sleeping from 12 to 3 during the heat of the day) I met a tall, stalwart Riff from the mountains, writes Rev. W. G. Pope, who was a missionary in Algeria.

Accosting him with the usual Arabic salutation, I asked him if he could read. He answered, "No."

"Where do you live?" "In the mountain, twenty miles west."

"Have you a sheik who can read?" "Yes."

"Then will you please take him this book, with my greetings, and ask him to read it to you?"

"What is it—a Koran?" "No; the story of the life of the Messiah."

He then turned and asked if I was a follower of the Messiah, to which I answered, "Yes."

Then arose his Moslem fanaticism, for he was an Alsatian, a terribly fanatical section of the Moslems in Morocco.

Drawing his knife and holding it over me, he uttered one word, "Shahed" (witness), meaning that I was to say, with my forefinger raised, "There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is the prophet of Allah."

I felt white, but tried to look courageous and unconcerned. I remonstrated with him for so acting with his Amel's guest, but all to no purpose. He reiterated his one word, "Shahed!"

His knife was an ugly weapon. It looked like a piece of sharpened barrel hoop with two pieces of goat's horn fastened together to make a handle.

Knowing the Arab's love of an English knife, I asked him if his knife was an English one. He answered that he had made it himself.

Remembering that in one pocket I had a franc in silver and copper and in the other a French lion, I determined to buy the knife if possible.

Taking out my small change, I decided to try that first. I referred to the fact that the English were very proud of their knives and I would much like to take back to my country a Moroccan knife to show what others could do and offered to purchase it.

The sight of the French coppers and a glistening piece of silver was too much even for his fanaticism. He undid his leather sheath, restored the knife to its place, looked once up and down the street to see no one was looking, then, with apparent joy, exchanged the knife for the money and the book and went off happily.

Which of the two felt the happier I cannot tell, but I never forgot that my life in Ouar was purchased back for a penny franc—Liverpool Post.

## More Laughter, Less Suicides.

The physiological benefits of laughter cannot be overestimated. It shakes up the diaphragm, sets the pulse beating to a lively measure, stimulates the blood circulation, enlivens the brain and sometimes produces dislocation of the jaw when indulged in too heartily by a man with a large mouth. Used with discretion, laughter is as inspiring as a sea breeze, as refreshing as an August shower. Its moral effect is beyond computation. It has killed more ridiculous superstitions by its rollicking roars of unbelief than any other agency. What can be more desirable than a laugh? The man who laughs never kills himself.—Exchange.

## Living Up to His Name.

A teacher in a mission school in Boston had among her pupils a colored boy named Ralph Waldo Emerson Longfellow. As he was absent one Sunday, she asked the class if any one knew the reason for his absence.

"I reckon I do," said one small, serious looking boy.

"What is the reason, Johnnie?"

"I guess he's home writing poetry," responded the boy, with a delighted chuckle.—Youth's Companion.

## I STOP PAIN IN TWO MINUTES

BY THE WATCH, IN MANY INSTANCES, AS ACTUALLY SWORN TO BY PATIENTS.

## MY DYSPEPSIA BISCUIT

HITS THE SPOT

When Stomach Pains Double You Up Like a Jackknife, and It Does Business Right Away. Stomach, Liver and Bowel Sufferers, Listen to Me; No Starvation Diet. Eat My Biscuit, Then Have One More Good Dinner.

## WON'T YOU EAT WITH ME TOMORROW?

Have a Biscuit Banquet at My Expense—a Biscuit With a History; Takes Seven Thousand Pound Pressure to Condense It; a Pound of Raw Material to Produce Each One; Tastes Good; Does Good.

I take my own treatment. It cured me after I suffered 20 years and took enough pills, tablets, patent medicines and predigested foods to fill a barrel. My Biscuit does business in two minutes by the watch; yet it's made from fruits, grain and vegetable products, combined with proper blending agents, so that it's acceptable to the most delicate stomach. It doesn't interfere with your doctor's treatment, nor anything else you may be taking.

I absolutely guarantee it contains no opium, morphine, cocaine, nor any other narcotic drug, or forfeit \$1,000 in gold.

You don't understand it? Well, to be frank with you, I don't either. But after a long series of costly experiments, I finally "hit upon an idea" and made a condensed biscuit that I thought would help me, and it did; it cured me—it cured others, too. What's more, it cured some diseases it wasn't made to cure.

I accidentally produced something that far transcended my own knowledge and intentions—a good deal like Columbus, when he started out for the East Indies and discovered America.

I have studied medicine, chemistry and science, I am an author of school books; have delivered scientific lectures before medical schools, colleges and universities; and am supposed to know a thing or two about what kind of remedies cure; but I can't explain the Biscuit; some of the cures it performs are beyond me, and I can't find any one else who can explain it to my satisfaction, either.

Of course, the Biscuit contains concentrated pineapple, and pineapple has a long family history, going back 100 years or so, as being good for the digestion. Then there's paw-paw, the fruit of the tropical melon tree; it looks like a cantaloup and tastes like one, but it grows on a tree. The native eat it when the stomach's too weak for anything else. It's good food, though, any time all the time. It's in the Biscuit. You have heard your mother say figs were the best for the bowels, well, they are there, condensed and compressed, seeds and all. The little seeds are harmless, but they help do the business.

Your grandmother always told you celery was good for the nerves; well, it's in the Biscuit. Then there are things to wake up the liver and bowels, and thereby help the kidneys a little too, and so on. But when you sit down and add up all the different things the Biscuit

## EAT WITH ME TOMORROW

At My Expense.

This coupon entitles you to one large 25-cent package of Neal's Dyspepsia Biscuit, absolutely free (provided you have never tried them), if you will send 4 cents to pay actual cost of postage at merchandise rates. Read the large advertisement printed above, then put 4 cents in stamps in a letter today, with this coupon, and a full 25-cent package of this Biscuit will be delivered at your very door tomorrow. Address "NEAL," The Man That Made the Biscuit, Dept. 1153 D, Syracuse, N. Y.

## A SLAB OF BLACK STONE.

Key to All the Ancient Writings of the Egyptians.

There is a slab of black stone in the British museum which if you could walk away with it and establish your claim as the owner you could sell any day for a quarter of a million and find half a dozen money kings in England and America ready to buy it.

There is nothing very striking about this stone. It might be a piece of black marble with some peculiar hieroglyphics upon it. But it is just these hieroglyphics which make it so valuable, because they are the key to all the ancient writings of the Egyptians, and without this stone, called the Rosetta stone, we should be unable to read the Egyptian writings which have been discovered from time to time.

Some French tourists found the Rosetta stone in Egypt and transported it to Paris, where an Englishman took a fancy to it for a garden ornament. He paid £5 for it—5 sovereigns—and got a treasure which you could cover with gold and yet not represent its value, but till the day of his death he did not know what that bit of stone was worth.—London World.

The Desert of Sahara.

The Sahara has over one-half the area of the United States. Its population is very small for its area. The Libyan and Nubian deserts are only a continuation of it to the Red sea.

## MOTHERHOOD

The first requisite of a good mother is good health, and the experience of maternity should not be approached without careful physical preparation, as a woman who is in good physical condition transmits to her children the blessings of a good constitution.

Preparation for healthy maternity is accomplished by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made from nutritive roots and herbs, more successfully than by any other medicine because it gives tone and strength to the entire feminine organism, curing displacements, ulceration and inflammation, and the result is less suffering and more children healthy at birth. For more than thirty years

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standby of American mothers in preparing for childbirth.

Note what Mrs. James Chester, of 427 W. 18th St., New York says in this letter:—Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—I wish every expectant mother knew about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. A neighbor who had learned of its great value at this trying period of a woman's life urged me to try it and I did so, and I cannot say enough in regard to the good it did me. I recovered quickly and am in the best of health now."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is certainly a successful remedy for the peculiar weaknesses and ailments of women. It has cured almost every form of Female Complaints, Dragging Sensations, Weak Back, Falling and Displacements, Inflammation, Ulcerations and Organic Diseases of Women and is invaluable in preparing for Childbirth and during the Change of Life.

Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation to Women



MRS. JAMES CHESTER

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to write Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free.